

regions of Hell, and the sweet balmy breezes of Paradise.

The narrow defiles of Philosophy are being occupied also; and certain sentinels are brandishing their two-edged sword of "Logic," ready to lopp off the auricular appendage of such bipeds as belong to the Ingersollian family.

Sorry to say, some materials have so far proved wanting to our young athletes in the manufacture of their weapons. In their need they confidently turn to the oft-experienced generosity of our subscribers. At this season, when at the pitch of Christian gladness, the Catholic heart is so prone to lavish money in trivialities, our lady readers would do well to obey a no less Christian instinct, and sacrifice for the interest of the little Jesus, the dime or the quarter destined to procure them a fashionable pin or a shining button. The good Catholic gentlemen would on their part perform a no less manly act in depositing at the feet of the Infant Savior the little offering of a few cents that were to procure them the momentary satisfaction of a few vain "puffs." Should only every tenth of our readers accede to our humble prayer, we would manage to procure dear St. Bede's the necessary elements for a perfect equipment of intellectual armor. Thus shall St. Bede's in its turn dutifully acknowledge obligation to its benefactors. Gladly shall it inform them, through our paper, how it will have benefited by their generosity. In our zeal for promoting the welfare of our young society, we do earnestly invite our friends to take also a "substantial" interest in its praiseworthy enterprise.

I saw a robin the other day withdraw herself from her little ones to provoke them to fly after her. God does the same thing with us; and then we foolishly call our state, Desolation.

### ALL THE WORLD.

All the world is full of babies,  
Sobbing, sighing everywhere;  
Looking out with eyes of terror,  
Beating at the empty air.  
Do they see the strife before them,  
That they sob and tremble so?  
Oh, the helpless, frightened babies—  
Still they come and still they go.

All the world is full of children,  
Laughing over little joys,  
Sighing over little troubles,  
Fingers bruised and broken toys;  
Wishing to be older, larger—  
Weeping at some fancied woe—  
Oh, the happy, hapless children,  
Still they come and still they go.

All the world is full of lovers,  
Walking slowly, whispering sweet;  
Dreaming dreams and building castles,  
That must crumble at their feet.  
Breaking vows and burning letters;  
Smiling, lest the world shall know:  
Oh, the foolish, trusting lovers,  
Still they come and still they go.

All the world is full of people,  
Hurrying, rushing, pushing by;  
Bearing burdens, carrying crosses,  
Passing onward, with a sigh:  
Some there are with smiling faces,  
But with heavy hearts below:  
Oh, the sad-eyed, burdened people,  
How they come and how they go.

All the earth is full of corpses;  
Dust and bones laid there to rest;  
This the end that babes and children,  
Lovers, people, find at best.  
All their fears and all their crosses,  
All their sorrows wearing so!  
Oh, the silent, happy corpses,  
Sleeping soundly, lying low.

Better than gold is a thinking mind,  
That in the realm of books can find  
A treasure surpassing Australian ore,  
Alive with the great and good of yore,  
The sage's lore and the poet's lay  
The glories of Empires passed away;  
The world's great drama will thus unfold  
And yield a pleasure better than gold.